

The Smoker. *K*

A New Song. To the Tune of the Black Joke.

I.

IF Business and Care should incumber and vex ye,
Should Love disappoint, or shou'd Women perplex ye;
What Refuge compar'd to a Song or a Joke. [Da Capo.
From the Pipe's modell'd Clay such sweet Fragrance delights,
It lengthens our Days, and improves all our Nights.
No Pleasure like *smoking* can mortals approve,
'Tis the Signet of Heaven, and Jupiter's Love;
And GREEN's to be sure is the best you can *smoke*.

II.

Aye, GREEN's!—to be sure—says a smoker of old,
In faith. 'tis the best, Sir, as ever was sold.
Then Landlord here give him an Order I pray.
Why, Sir, I'm engag'd—Engag'd! Cries the smoker;
Why George is a longster, a smoker and joker:
Oh ho! is he so! says the Landlord so true,
He shall send in a Box—ay, let him send two:
And the Cole shall be sure when he comes by this Way.

III.

Your *Sky Parlour Merchants* let smokers despise,
Who'd chew or who'd smoke their *Mundungus* that's wise?
I appeal to *choice Spirits* of Humour and Name,
Let others endeavour to shove off their Ware,
'Tis bringing poor Publicans into a Snare;
And that, my good Fellows, you'll say is *not right*,
For Publicans ought for to get something by't;
And GEORGE's will bring you both *Profit and Fame*.

IV.

He has left his *FOUR MISSES*, and cleaves to his Wife:
So he's *right* if he ever was yet in his Life;
Tho' his *FROLICKS* have cost him some Money they say:
Then bring me a Paper of GEORGE's so good,
It refreshes the Spirits and cleanses the Blood.
'Tis a *Nostrum* divine no Physician can boast,
Then we'll first have a Song, and the next have a Toast.
And let GREEN's *TRINIDADO* your Voices employ.
N. B. To prevent Mistakes, to be said on Delivery.



